The Evening World.

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A FAMILY QUARREL.

PUBLICATION of the personal telegrams of King George, Kaiser Wilhelm and Prince Henry just before the outbreak of war have a human interest by their revelation of the intimacies of royalties. The King, the Kaiser and the Prince all speak of the Czar of Russia as "Nicky." The King and the Prince speak of the Kaiser as William, but he himself signs a telegram to the King as "Willy." Unfortunately we have no telegram from the Czar to let us know whether he is in the habit of speaking to George and Henry of the Kaiser as William, Willy or Bill. As it stands, however, the record shows that this so-called "war of the nine nations" is hardly more than a family quarrel. Pity it is that old Grandmother Victoria was not alive to make Henry and George keep still and then decide for herself whether Willy or Nicky most deserves a spanking.

DUSTY SIGNS OF PROGRESS.

A CANDID but polite visitor from Louisville, after saying he has not found New York so clean as he expected and as he recalls it to have been twenty years ago, hastened to add that his disappointment may have been due to the fact that as yet he has been only in those parts of the city where the streets are torn up and dust is flying, and that after all the tearing and the dust flying are evidences of prosperity and show that something is doing.

Politeness is ever welcome and never more so than when expressed with graceful compliments to our prosperity. We must wish, however, that the casual visitor could find more pleasing evidences of it than torn streets and much dust. Perhaps this visitor may himself do so are he departs, but if he seeks to find parts of the city where streets are not torn up he will stay with us a long time.

GEORGE JUNIOR REPUBLIC.

REGRET felt at the announcement that it will be necessary to dismiss about half the citizens of the George Junior Republic and conduct the association upon a much reduced scale because of a lack of funds, is lessened by the fact that the Republic will continue to maintain the farm and the bakeshop. It was feared that all might have to go, and the experiment, so successful for years, end in failure.

The farm is an extensive one, and so long as it stands and yields a profit there is reason for the hope that former success may return and grow from more to more under better auspices and wiser management. The experiment is too interesting, too promising and too well based upon the record of past achievements to be abandoned for transient causes.

Financial stringencies come and go with time. Defects of management or personal indiscretions and mistakes affect every human enterprise. When an institution has been well built upon a strong foundation, it can survive these shocks if only its supporters are firm. The principle upon which the Republic was built is as good as ever. There is, then, no insuperable obstacle to its revival and continued usefulness when the present disturbances no longer disturb.

THE ATROCITIES OF WAR.

KAISER WILHELM'S statement to President Wilson in a report on atrocities committed by Belgians, British and French, that he addressed him as "the most notable representative of humanity," was doubtless as sincere as his closing assertion that his heart bleeds at the severities he is forced to adopt in retaliation. So, too, the Belgian envoys that have come to present their protest against German atrocities look to us as representatives of humanity.

Challenged on these high grounds to judge the contending peoples who were friends two months ago and mutual upholders of humanity on a par with ourselves, it is our duty as impartial judges to sustain justice as well as humanity. Atrocities follow all wars. They are a part of the evil of war itself. No truer or clearer thing has been said about them than by Prof. Williamowitz Moellendorf in a recent address at Charlottenburg, in the statement that the enforcement of international law in respect to civilized warfare depends at last, not upon kings, nor generals, nor diplomatists, but upon the moral sense of the individual soldier.

Brutal men will do brutal things whenever opportunities are afforded their aroused brutalism, and war not only offers the opportunity but arouses the instinct. Monarchs and militarists that make war share all the spoil and gain all the glory. Upon them, therefore, rests the responsibility of all atrocities committed when they have turned brutal men loose, whether upon their side or the other. That the Kaiser's heart bleeds is no more than a metaphor, but the brute sees and sheds real blood. Between the sentimentalist in the palace and the marauder in the field, justice holds the scales and pronounces judgment according to the ancient law: "It must be that offenses come, but woe to him by whom the offense cometh."

Letters From the People

Telephones in New York.

In answering A. L. M.'s query asking whether New York or Chicago had the greater number of telephones the figures for London were given by mistake for those of New York. New York has 836,391 telephones; Chicago 346,417. These figures are furnished by the telephone company.

Sapphire.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the birthstone for September? N. W.

Unsanitary.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you please settle the following argument: A says unsanitary is correct. B says insanitary is correct. E. D.

October 6.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Will you please let me know what date of the month the first Sunday of October, 1871, fell on? R. D. E.

Crabs as Swimmers.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can a crab swim? Does a crab ever come to the surface of the water without climbing? C. M.

While crawling is the usual mode of locomotion, the crabs of the family Portunidae, and some others, swim with great facility by means of their flattened, paddle-shaped feet.

U. S. Army.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Which branch of the U. S. military service, army or navy, embraces the greatest number of men, and what are the numbers? L. B.

Army, 94,859; navy, 64,780.

$700.80 Per Year.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

What is the pay of a West Point Cadet? S. B.

Can You Beat It!

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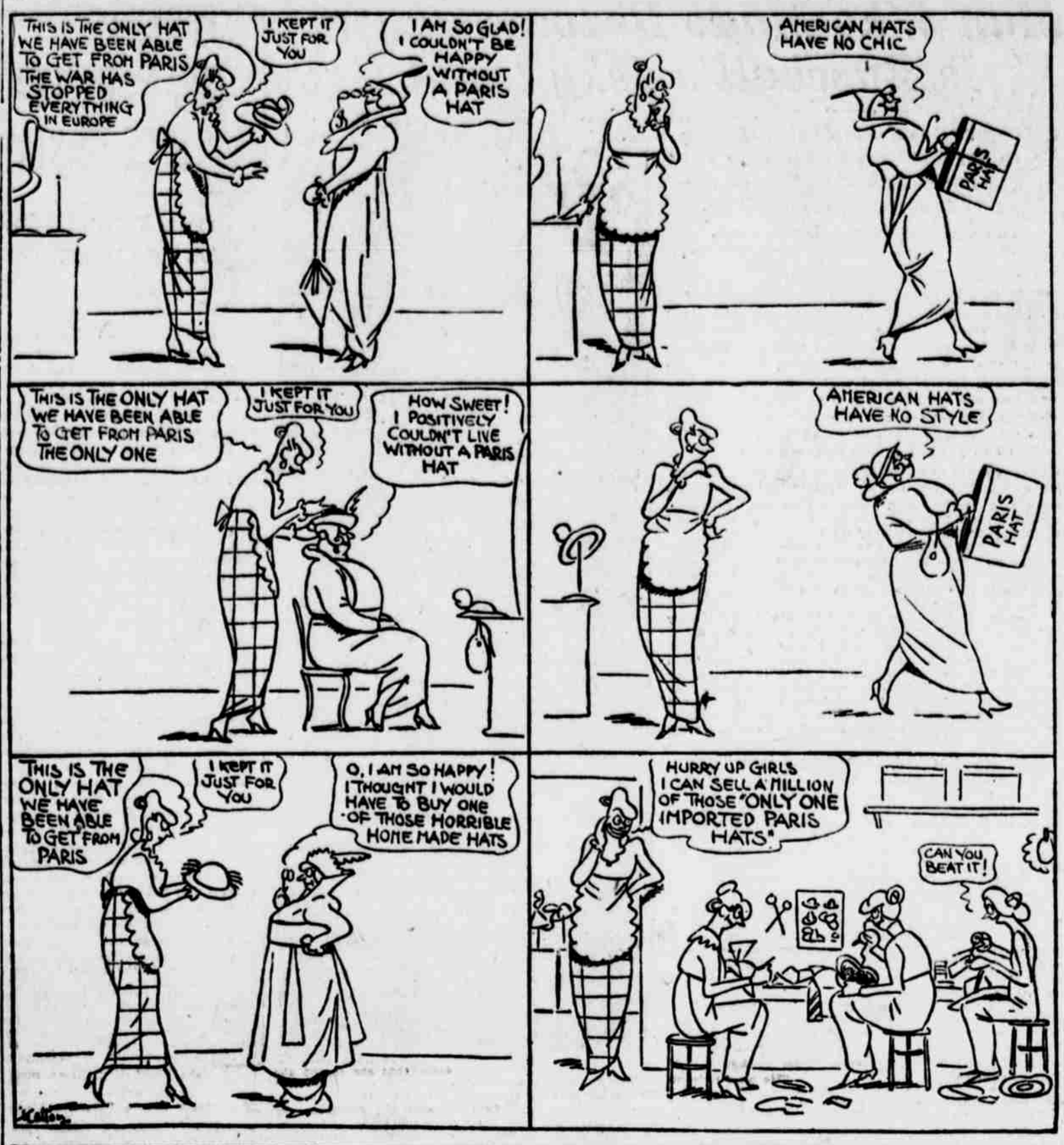
By Maurice Ketten



Little Stories :: by Big Men

(Copyright, 1914, by Annabel Lee.)

BY CONGRESSMAN W. M. CHANDLER.

AT a banquet at Bridgeport, Conn., the presiding officer introduced me this way:

"Ladies and gentlemen: I do not feel that it would be right for me, as presiding officer, to make a long, boring speech, but rather to introduce to you the man who has been brought here for that purpose. It affords me pleasure to present Mr. Chandler."

BY WILLIAM JENNINGS BRYAN.

THE year after coming to Nebraska, in 1888, I delivered fifty speeches against the Republican candidate for Governor, and in each one made it clear why he should not be elected.

He was elected, however, by the usual majority.

On the following St. Patrick's Day I was to make a short speech, and Gov. Thayer (whom I had tried to defeat) presided.

It was a varied programme, consisting of songs and speeches and vaudeville numbers. It was the first time I had been in the presence of the Governor, and I wondered whether he felt any resentment toward me for all the work I had done against him.

At last my turn was reached. The Governor, having been prompted by another man, arose and said, "The next person on the programme is W. J. Bryan," and as I came forward, he stepped toward me, smiled, and extended his hand.

I felt greatly pleased that he did not harbor any resentment against me and grasped his hand warmly as he drew me toward him and whispered:

"Quick! Do you speak, sing, or dance?"

He had never even heard of me.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

"To enjoy eating corn off the cob," remarked the Man on the Car, "one ought to be alone."

* * *

The politician's after thought is the one that comes to him when he sees his interview in print.—Toledo Blade.

* * *

Another thing prospective members of the "thrift society" should remember is, thrift doesn't mean penuriousness, tightwadishness and skinflintishness.—Houston Post.

* * *

The natural born liar, like vintage, improves with age.—Macon Telegraph.

* * *

Some fellows strike out for themselves, while others depend on a pinch hitter.—Macon News.

* * *

Things may come to those that wait, but most of us prefer to go after them.

* * *

It takes a strong will to hold the human tongue.

* * *

Be at least as willing to believe good report as evil.—Albany Journal.

So Wags the World

Bits of Common Sense Philosophy With a "Punch."

By Clarence L. Cullen.

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SOME women waste a lot of perfectly good time wondering why lovers in real life don't talk the highfalutin language which is uncoiled by lovers in the best sellers. But if such a woman actually met one of those fiction spielers she'd flatly accuse him of bunkology.

C. L. CULLEN

We know a sage youth who, when he discovered that the girl he was engaged to had a penchant for falling in love with the heroes of movie plays, gently but firmly called the matrimonial bet off. And he's a young fellow who likes to gamble, too.

Our idea of the Height of Futility is the job which a man undertakes when he endeavors to explain to his yawning wife the meaning of the Triple Entente.

Twenty-five years ago the woman who used rouge went to great pains to keep that knowledge from her husband. Now, just before she starts out for an evening with her husband, it's a common enough thing for her to ask him: "Have I got enough red on?"

"I can make everything I wear except my shoes," we heard an engaged girl say to a bunch of women friends on a week-end porch recently, "but catch me letting the man I am going to marry know that!" And all of the married women present agreed that she had the right index. BUT SHE HADN'T.

A man would enjoy having his wife bring his coffee to him in bed on Sunday mornings if he didn't know that she'd throw this marvelous evidence of devotion up to him the first time they spatted.

When the couple in the flat next to yours are having a violent row it's kind of queer to note, by the sounds which you can't help overhearing, how they both instantly relapse into conventional gushfulness upon the unexpected arrival of callers.

It isn't necessarily the girl who returns with the deepest coat of tan who has had the warmest time on her vacation.

"What waste!" we heard a seasoned matron remark when she saw a couple of dozen girls tangoing together in a summer hotel ballroom and not a man in sight. "What wanton, barbarous waste!"

The recklessness with which women promise, on leaving summer resorts, to write to women whom they have met is only equalled by the utterliness with which they deliberately forget to keep such promises when they get home.

Betty Vincent's Advice to Lovers

"CAN a woman love more than once?" a young man earnestly asks me.

Many women can. Their second love will not be exactly the same as the first, but it may be deeper and richer. In fact, the first so-called love affair of a young girl may be nothing but infatuation or over-stimulated imagination.

The essential precaution is to be absolutely sure that the old love is "off" before the new love is "on." When a man and woman are once certain of this they will be foolish to worry about each other's possibly sentimental pasts.

An Unanswered Letter.

"C. S." writes: "About a week ago I wrote to ask a young lady to go to a social with me. When we last met we were on the best of terms, but I have had no answer to my letter and the social will be held very shortly. Would it be all right to call at her house and ask for her decision?"

I think so. Your letter may have miscarried.

"C. Y." writes: "Will you kindly tell me how and when a girl knows that she really loves a man?"

She knows only when she is fully convinced that her life apart from the man will be utterly unbearable.

Music and :: Matrimony

By Elsa Crosby

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BEFORE the civil war, the Prince Albert coat and the mechanical player piano, young folks used to gather 'round the sad toned melodeon on long summer evenings and sing such tunes as could be eased through its bronchial tubes without severe pains or the administration of anodynes.

When a fellow got so accustomed to it that he would stand without hitching at the left of a melodeon where its asthma was the worst, with Gen. Scott at Vera Cruz or Gen. Jackson at New Orleans looking severely down upon him from the space between the windows, he was ready for rural free delivery to the parsons.

Any little complimentary notice of the melodeon as a facilitator of romance goes also for Sweeney as well as clear across the keys for the cottage organ.

The cottage organ was never troubled with violent attacks of pleurisy, being subject more to enlarged tonsils and quinsy with complications.

Four Governors and no less than eleven members of Congress might have remained bachelors and in the State Legislature or maybe on the county bench had it not been for the husky appeal of one or the other of these faithful first aids.

South of the Mason and Hamlin line in Lexington and Atlanta and in Baltimore and Savannah, as well as interior points, the banjo with or without an E string has won out on the girl question time and again against both eloquence and a good baseball record.

In many cosy homes the soft thrum of a medium size banjo is a signal for everybody except daughter to slip out of the parlor, thus enabling neighbor's son between selections to get in a few well chosen words about the crops, mules, the price of furniture, and in that way work up to asking her to name the day so that he could begin saving up.

Up North, even as far as Duluth, east in the lumber belt, beyond in the wheat belt and generally in the Middle West girl belt, the always reliable old fiddle with a small cube of resin on the E side and the Sailor's Hornpipe lurking in its interior, holds a matrimonial record 33,967 ahead of the Metropolitan Opera House orchestra, with its large and varied assortment of instruments.

The last Michigan reports show that three out of every twenty marriages can be traced to families that supported both a fiddle and a daughter and didn't go too strong on dogs.

Here in New York there are any number of happily married folk who never would have been drawn together had it not been for the enticing wheezes from a concertina or an accordion, and in some cases even from a harmonica.

WHAT EVERY WOMAN EVERY THINKS.

BY HELEN ROWLAND.

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AS TO FEMININE FIBS AND MASCULINE "MUNCHAUSENS."

"OH, dear!" sighed the Widow, with a pathetic little pout, "WHY do men lie—the way they do?"

"They don't!" declared the Bachelor, promptly assuming the offensive.

"Don't they?" inquired the Widow, lifting her eyebrows, as one receiving a refreshing bit of information. "How stupid of me! But, after all," she added, musingly, with one dimpled elbow on the arm of her chair, "that point is not worth arguing. It's the WAY they do it that is so harrowing. It's the unnecessary frills and ruffles and jabots they drape around a simple, little, white fib, turning it from a convincing bit of 'summer fiction' into an Arabian Nights tale of adventure as lurid and unconvincing as a show girl's complexion. They begin with a tiny unnecessary prevarication and finish with a work of art that would make Baron Munchausen tremble for his reputation."

"How foolish!" exclaimed the Bachelor contemptuously. "Give me a plain black lie—I mean a plain, unvarnished statement of the untruth"——

"But that's never what you—or any man—gives a woman!" broke in the Widow, waving her fan triumphantly.

How a Woman Likes Excuses.

"Because," declared the Bachelor, "no woman would accept it. She prefers exciting fairy tales and works of the imagination to simple 'historical facts.' She likes wreaths around our excuses and ruffles on a joke and pink ribbons and lace frills on everything from a man's love-making to his manners and his desk"——

"Nonsense!" interrupted the Widow. "That's just where men make their fatal mistake in reading a woman. She likes to be frilly herself, but she HATES a frilly man. It's the unnecessary fibs"——

"There's no such thing!" muttered the Bachelor, sotto voce.

"The little preparatory misstatements with which he begins to pave the way to a big prevarication first awaken her suspicion. It's the 'sick friend' and 'night-work-at-the-office' and 'business-trip-to-Philadelphia' fables that get on her nerves and insult her intelligence so," pursued the Widow calmly. "The average man begins fibbing to a woman long, long before he has any real need to, and about teeny-weeny little things that she would never have noticed if he hadn't brought them to her attention. He is so suspicious that a woman is GOING to be suspicious that even when he has done the most harmless and innocent thing in the world he will LIE about it for fear she 'might not understand the truth.' Then when he really wants to do something he shouldn't he hasn't any excuses left and must draw on his imagination for something startling and brilliant. That's when he begins telling his 'Munchausens' and getting all twisted up in his own rope, instead of going right to the point, with a single onslaught"——

A Man Wants Truth Sugar-Coated.

"Oh, well," burst in the Bachelor desperately; "this is no German invasion—and besides a woman hates a plain, unvarnished lie"——

"As much as a man hates the plain, unvarnished truth!" sighed the Widow.

"What!"

"He wants it sugar-coated and scented and half-veiled and delicately spiced to suit his vanity," explained the Widow. "And he can only swallow half of it at a time without choking."

"Because that's all he ever gets!" rejoined the Bachelor bitterly, "from a woman— A half-lie—or a half-truth. But a woman won't take a half-lie. She wants them allopathic and covered with maple syrup. You have to give her a highly colored chromo along with every work of fiction to make her accept it. It is easier to make her believe that the reason you were late was because you were held up by bandits or caught in a railroad wreck or fell out of a tenth-story window than because you couldn't find a clean shirt or had to take your mother to the train or left your money in your other clothes and had to go back for it or were kept at the office, which MIGHT be a fact"——

"And might be a fancy!" put in the Widow airily. "But it must be a dreadful strain on the masculine imagination to have to invent so many daily fairy tales, full of adventure and incident"——

"And detail!" sighed the Bachelor wearily.

"And local color," added the Widow.

"And heart-interest and delicate sentiment and dialogue and action," finished the Bachelor. "It is!" he continued emphatically. "And the fact that he keeps it up is a sign of true love and honest devotion"——

"What!" The Widow gave a little cry of incredulity.

"No man," declared the Bachelor, looking the Widow in the eye unflinchingly, "is going to take all that trouble for a woman he doesn't love!"

Chapters From a Woman's Life

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER LXXX.

JACK had bought Harry Eberhardt's runabout, and was happily and busily engaged building the garage. It seemed to occupy his mind, as well as his time, and we had little time to discuss the market. He had not made up his loss, but had made a little on the last deal. Mildred was perfectly disgusted with the information I gave her, and made no attempt to conceal her chagrin.

"I don't see how Jack can buy motors, if he doesn't make more; have information that is worth more than you tell me!" she grumbled, "I do wish he would get something really good, and then let Ned carry enough for him to make it worth while!"

"That would be lovely!" I enthused. "But Jack gets no information since that C. C. L. deal that seems to be worth anything. And, Mildred, his machine didn't cost much. It's Harry Eberhardt's old runabout."

"Really? I thought it was a new one."

"No, we can't afford one, not the kind we want," I added. "So Jack bought Harry's and painted it up himself."

"If Jack weren't so foolish you could have had one long ago," Mildred retorted, and I, thinking her right, said nothing.

The subject of a vacation came up again, and Jack asked me where I would like to go with the children and Norah. He suggested some quiet farm house in the mountains, but I demurred.

"Mildred is going to Narragansett for a month and suggested that I go there also," I told him.

"Can't afford it, Sue. It's too expensive! You will have to go to a cheaper place."

We talked for some time and finally compromised on a small but fashionable inn up in the Catskills. It was nearer, and the railroad fares wouldn't amount to much. So, as soon as it was decided, I began to plan my wardrobe. Mother and I had been sewing for the children, and they were fairly well equipped. But I must have summer dresses, and all the dainty accessories that a fashionable woman has in her trunks when she takes her vacation.

I went to Loraine, told her where I was going, and that I wanted some lingerie frocks and other things, leaving it to her to see that I had what was right for the place. Doing exactly as I should have done had my husband been independently wealthy, instead of being, as he was, a broker's clerk.

Mother insisted upon staying with Jack, and it was really amusing to hear them plan of the good times they were going to have.

Before I left home I cautioned Jack about letting me know of any information he received about stocks, reminding him of his promise. I told Mildred that I would either telephone or telegraph her anything Jack might hear.

"I don't expect anything for a long time, Sue," Jack replied, "the big men are all away. Cosgrove has gone to Europe."

"Well, if they have, I should think you would know enough by this time to make something on your own initiative!" forgetting I had found fault with him for doing that very thing when he lost.

"Perhaps I will," was his answer.

The inn was delightful, and I made many new acquaintances. Norah took entire care of the children, who were perfectly well, and who in no way interfered with my pleasure. I was satisfied with my wardrobe; that is, after I had wired Loraine to send me a sports coat. She had suggested it before I left; but thinking I had others that would answer I had refused to take one. I hadn't been away two days, however, before I saw that she was right, and that it was the one thing I did need.

Jack wrote once a week, mother oftener. Jack had taken a "flyer," as he expressed it, and lost. He wrote an anxious letter, saying that our capital was becoming depleted, and hinting that I should come home to stop expense—a hint to which I paid no attention, thinking that he, as always, was foolishly alarmed.

Mother wrote that he was very nervous, but evidently she knew nothing of his losses. The garage was finished, and the runabout in it. Jack had taken her out frequently and they were having a very pleasant time together.

When I answered Jack's letter, I told him I should remain the month as we had planned. I had made engagements that would keep me there; and I also told him he would have to make my next check larger as I had to have many little extras that the regular hotel price didn't cover.

Jack sent me the larger check as I requested, but said very little. Ned Somers was hanging around the office every day, he wrote, although Mildred was in Narragansett, and that he was continually bothering him to know of market movements.

I know from a short note I had received from Mildred that she was becoming anxious, so I wrote her that the only thing Jack had done, and which was advised by Senator Crispen, had made him a big loss. That I was glad he had not told me, as doubtless then Ned would have lost money also.

I was anxious to see the garage. I wondered if Jack had built it large enough for another car. I intended to have one, and before the winter social life began. I had planned just the kind I wanted, not the make—I knew nothing about that—but the color, the upholstering, &c., and I meant Jack should get it immediately upon my return.

(To Be Continued.)